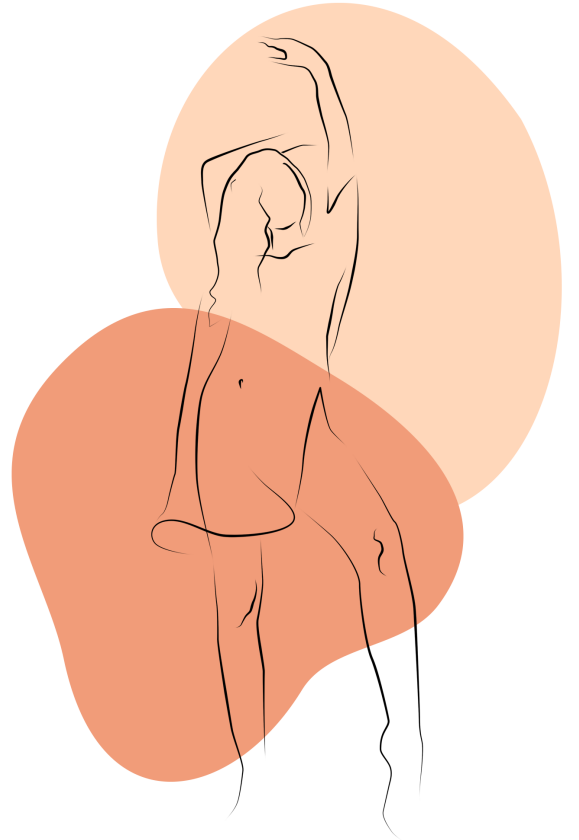


The background is a light cream color. It features several large, organic, watercolor-like shapes in muted colors: a dark blue shape in the top left with orange line art of a monstera leaf; an orange shape at the top center; a large red shape on the right side with white line art of two fan palms at the bottom; and a teal shape in the bottom left with white line art of a stylized plant. A thin, dark blue wavy line starts from the top right and curves across the upper part of the page.

Inside the soul of Rebecca



Inside my soul

Chapters

Waves of Change

Is Love Conditional?

Love and relationships

The 5 Love Languages By Gary Chapman

Note to self

Quality time

Gratitude

Life lessons

Grief

Do I truly belong?

"One of those bad days"

3 years ago today

Therapy and sensuality

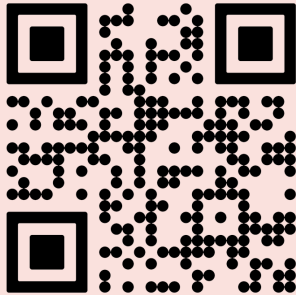
Who Am I?

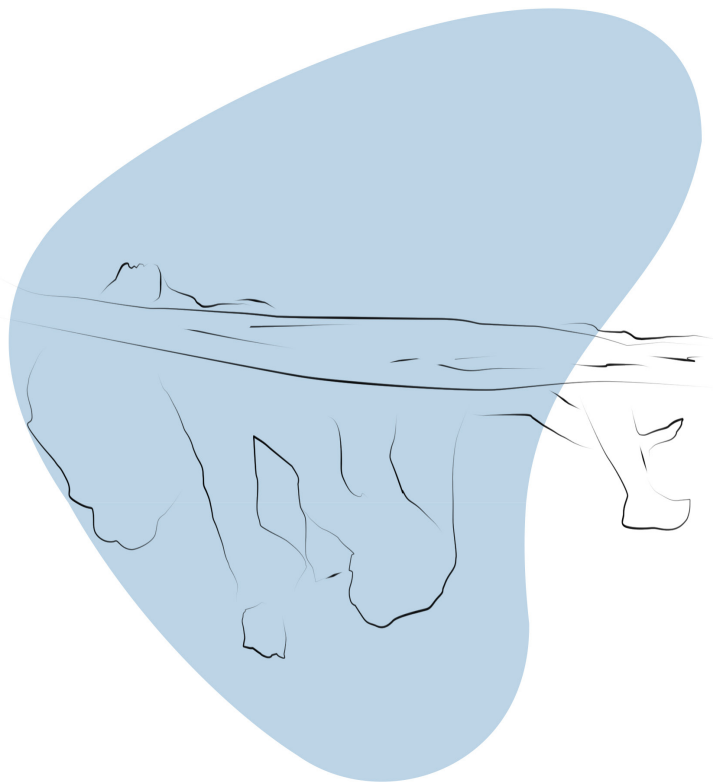
We are all broken somehow

Are you man enough?

Plugged in connections

Self reflection





Waves of Change

The only constant thing in life is Change.

Let me tell you something about me, I am the type of person that hates change, I love to play it safe and curl up in my own comfy box. But that is not how life works.

The past year was heavy, on all of us, specially me, a lot changed, I lost people that meant the world to me, I had to be my own safe place, to pat my own shoulder and well, the most difficult part was to face my fear of change, stop denying it and actually accept it.

How?

You'll find plenty of books, podcasts and life coaches guiding you through "Embracing change" and "Learn to adapt" bla bla bla, now don't get me wrong, these guidelines are great for some, but for those of you who are more realistic, like me, will find it hard to catch up.

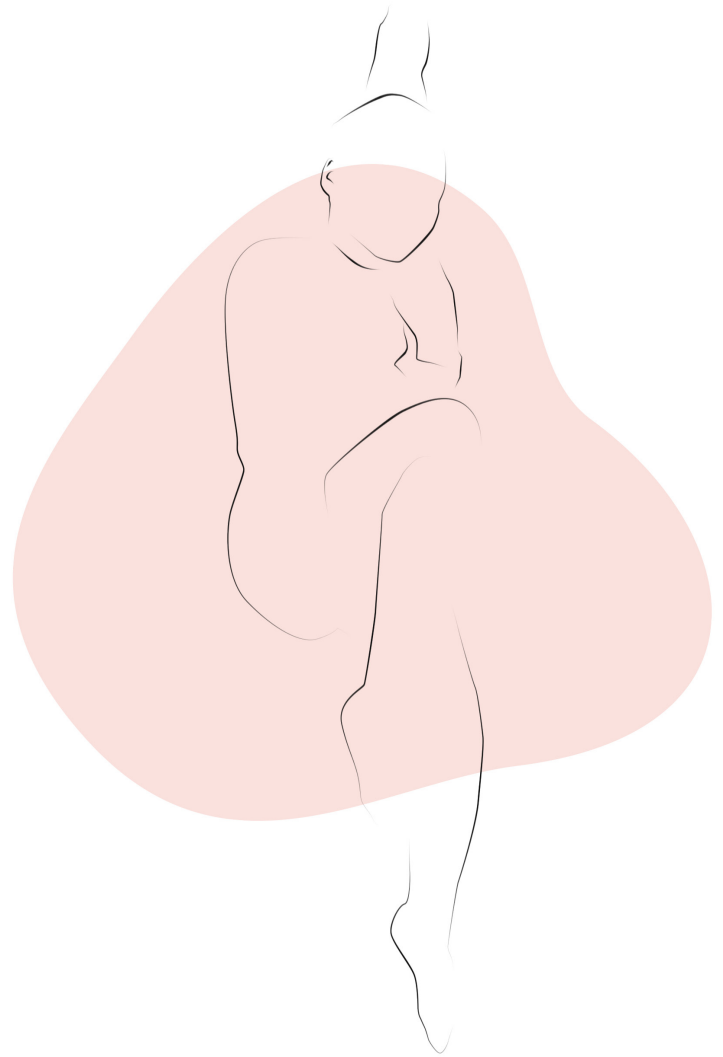
From my experience, there is no specific way to accept it, when change hits you, it just does so allow yourself to feel whatever comes, allow yourself to feel the pain, the grief, the agony and acknowledge that everyone grows at his/her own pace.

A butterfly is one of the most beautiful creatures, it can fly anywhere it wants with charming wing patterns, spreading smiles on people's faces whenever it passes by. But it was not always this way, once it was a cocoon, immature, shy, resting with no risk, however, the butterfly can't stay inside its chrysalis its whole life, for where it is now does not serve its purpose.

Waves of Change

See? My cocoon was good for me for a certain time, but staying there will not serve me in any way, and if I do not step outside of it, I will not live the life I was intended to live.

At the end of the day, it is my choice, to stay where I am, a prisoner of fear or a warrior, standing tall in the waves of change, to finally realize that in those waves, I actually found myself.



Is Love Conditional?

Is love conditional?

A question I was battling with for the past 2 years. Is it possible to love someone for who they truly are? Without us in the picture? Or do we actually love them because we see a reflection of what we love in ourselves in them? Tricky right?

Before I throw my opinion here, it is important to note that we are imperfect (Yet beautiful) human being, we learn, we grow and we evolve. No one is going to show up at your door on a horse, so love yourself enough that someone else's love will only add candles to the cake you already iced.

"To love someone for who they are" means to see them as individuals, as a whole entity, to perceive their existence, to recognize their dreams, fears, imperfections, how their eyes spark when they talk about something they admire, their body language when they are not comfortable in a certain situation, and to LOVE THEM in all those cases, to love their tenderness as much as their madness. Simple? Yes, Easy? Hell No.

No one is easy to love. we all have traumas that control our unconscious mind, we all have bad days, and dark parts.

It's easy to love someone when things are all rainbows, candies and unicorns, but honey, life is a rollercoaster and it brings the shittiest parts of us almost everyday.

Love becomes a choice after a while, you choose to stick around when pills are hard to swallow, you choose to stay with your spouse because you see something in them worth fighting for.

Is Love Conditional?

And you can only realize this, when you truly love them for who they are.

And if you don't think your spouse is worthy of your battle, then leave, because we all deserve to be seen, heard and understood.

In my next blog, we will discuss the statement: "Love may very well be unconditional, but I guarantee your relationships are not".

Love and relationships

"Love may very well be unconditional, but I guarantee you relationships are not."

Some of you have already been there, stuck between the dilemma of "I love them so much but I can't cope with this anymore", because the hard truth is, relationships, friendships as well are conditioned (Beside respect and honesty because these should be inevitable).

Let's be straightforward with ourselves, no matter how much we love someone for who they are, we choose to be with them because they give us a sense of belonging, a feeling that others couldn't offer us. We won't stick around someone who is pouring misery in our lives (At least that's what a person with a healthy mindset will say).

On the long run, we realize that love, alone, is not enough to keep a relationship alive, small details about your partner will start to irritate you, from being lazy or inattentive to even simpler things like the way they walk or the way they chew their food. Yes as silly as they sound, but they truly can be a source of conflict.

That is why in proper relationships, conditions or what we know as fundamentals are crucial. And we can only agree on them through a healthy communication. it goes like this:

" It bothers me when you chew out loud, it would be nice if you could chew with your mouth closed".

"I feel appreciated when you take out the garbage, It would make me happy if you do it more often".



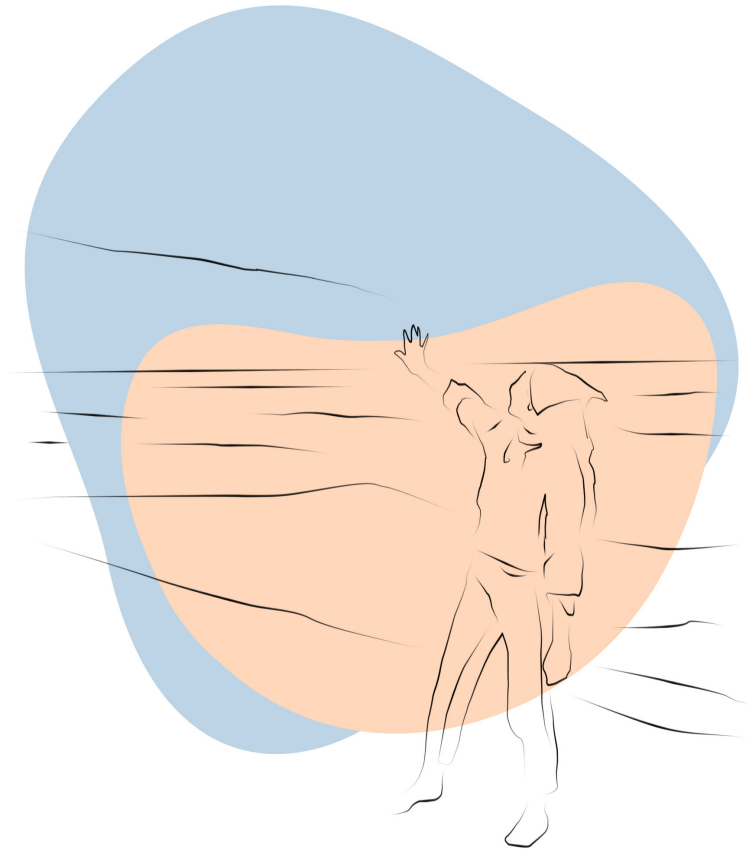
Love and relationships

"I love it when you interact more in gatherings with my friends, is it possible to share more next time?".

You see? these are conditions but when we ask for them in a form of suggestion and not in a form of obligation, and when we use positive words(appreciated, happy, love...) they become easier to swallow.

And if you deeply love your spouse unconditionally, you will be more than delighted to take their suggestion into consideration and work on yourself and on your relationship (See the link I just made between an unconditional love and a conditional relationship?)

To wrap it up, life is short, so if you find someone worth fighting for, grab them and don't ever let them go.



The 5 Love Languages By Gary Chapman

I recently read a book entitled "The 5 Love Languages" by Gary Chapman - author, speaker, counselor and has a passion for helping people last in their relationships. In today's blog I will give you guys a small resume on what the book is about.

Ready? Here we go,

Psychologists have concluded that the need to feel loved is a primary human emotional need. For love, we will climb mountains, cross seas, travel desert sands, and without love, mountains become unclimbable, seas uncrossable and deserts unbearable.

As I already mentioned, no need is more basic than the need to feel love and affection, the need to sense that we are wanted, from here I can say that each and everyone of us has a "love tank" ready to be filled (beside the love that we must give to ourselves), it is at the center of our emotional desire, we needed love before we "fell in love" (as children) and we will need it as long as we live. And it is up to our partner to keep this love tank full.

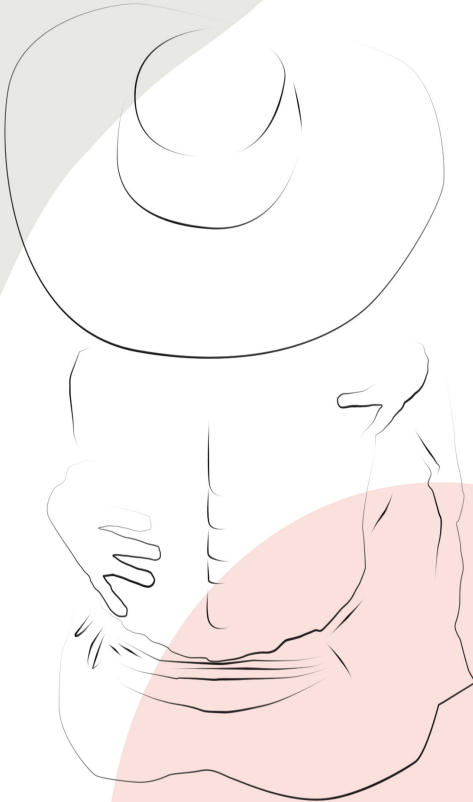
We all have one primary love language, a way that we love to be loved by our spouse, the book talks about five love languages: Words of affirmation, Quality time, Gifts, Acts of service and Physical touches. Yes we all desire to receive them all but if you dig deep you will realize that you actually have one essential love language that if it's not present your love tank will be empty.

You may ask how? How can I meet my partner's needs? How can I make my partner feel loved? Or you can say "I tried everything in my power to make them feel appreciated but it's not working". Well, it's simple all you've got to do is ask your spouse what's his or her love language and work on filling their love tank.

The 5 Love Languages By Gary Chapman

Sometimes we feel exhausted with all the effort we put into making a relationship work, but we miss out on the fact that we might be putting our efforts in the wrong places, if your spouse's love language is quality time and all you're doing is throwing gifts at them, you might want to redirect where you're putting all your energy.

In my next blog I will embark on the Love Language: Quality time (obviously because that's my love language).



Note to self

You never know exactly how things are going to play out in life, and this is true in both directions, you can be surprised by grief and you can also be surprised by joy, and sometimes grief and joy will overlap.

You're allowed to feel many things at once, there are places in your life where you might feel overwhelmed by fear and there are also places where you can be overwhelmed with love.

You might be surprised by the one who broke your heart and you can also be surprised when someone says "I love you for who you are".

You might be surprised by the one who left when you needed them the most and you might also be surprised by the support of a new friend or the kindness of a stranger.

And through every loss and every gain, you will look back and see: You experienced this life wholeheartedly and fully, not easily but fully.

And finally, you might remember some things you wish you could forget and you might forget some of the good things only to someday remember them again, there were nights you never thought you'd make it through and there was also track number 3 on the album you couldn't stop listening to *Music playing in my head right now: All my daysssss*, there were months where you couldn't catch a break, and there were also forgotten ordinary days where you were okay, not perfect, but okay.

Note to self

There are a lot of unknown before you, and this is also true: you might end up being surprised by the courage that rises up within you, the love that continues to find you, and the grace that continues to guide you.



Quality time

As I mentioned before, we all have a primary love language (A way we love to be loved by our partner), I will embark today the love language: Quality time.

If your partner always nags about not spending enough time together, or always suggests trips or weekend getaways, romantic dinners... this might be a sign that his/her primary love language is quality time.

By "quality time" I mean giving someone your undivided attention. I don't mean sitting on the couch watching television, because in this case the TV has your attention and not your spouse, and I don't mean going camping and spending 3 hours trying to light the bonfire, because the bonfire has your undivided concentration and not your spouse.

What I mean is sitting on the couch with the TV off, phones on silent mode, looking at each other and talking, giving each other your undivided attention, means taking a walk just the two of you, without one being faster than the other, going camping and setting the campsite together and actually enjoy each others company.

When I sit on the couch with my spouse and give them thirty minutes of my attention, and they do the same, we are giving thirty minutes of LIFE, we will never have those thirty minutes again, we are giving our lives for each other. It is a powerful emotional communication of love.

Quality time

Things you can do to spend time together:

Prepare a sunset dinner, go to your favorite beach, spread your tablecloth and eat your sandwiches

Ask your spouse for a list of activities they would enjoy doing with you, make plans to do one of them each week or each month

Call your spouse and say: "I want to make a date with you one evening this week to sit and talk"

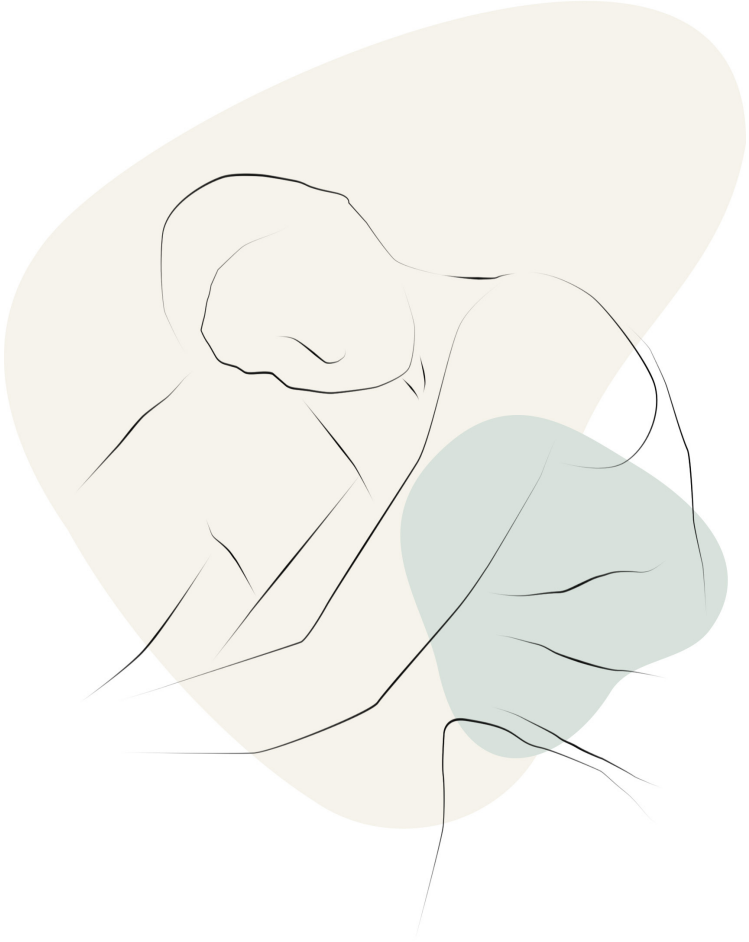
Plan a getaway weekend just the two of you, and no you don't have to spend all your money, a tent, a blanket and 2 pillows will be enough.

Have a "let's review our history" evening once every three months and talk about your childhood, fears, dreams, happy moments, your relationship evolution....

If you're married or you live together and lead a busy life, wake up 15 minutes earlier, cuddle a bit, clothes are optional.

PS: phones are not allowed.

If you truly love someone, you would want them to be the happiest with you and at ease. If you feel that this is too much for you, please leave, we all deserve to be seen and loved for who we are.



Gratitude

I will talk more about gratitude sometime later on my blog, but for today, I just want to express and practice gratitude, so here I am

I am grateful for my five senses, for the opportunity to witness sunsets and mountains, to smell my mama's perfume and the scent of the earth when it rains, I stand in awe of the music I can hear and the sound of waves on the beach, for the taste of ice cream, specifically the Lotus flavor, I am grateful for being able to feel the sand in my hand and the cold on my face.

I am beyond thankful for my imperfect, unhealed parents, who managed to support me and always provide me with the affection I need despite their brokenness.

I express gratitude today for my friends, who love me and never seek to change one thing in me, they are pure hearts and golden sunshine in my life.

I am grateful for my past relationship, for it allowed my soul to experience true and genuine love, a love that was based on freedom, acceptance and growth (I am crying rn hahaha)

I am thankful for my progress and my strong spirit to stand tall in the midst of change and anxiety.

Finally, I stand in awe, speechless in front of you, My Lord, pouring my heart into your loving arms, grateful for your Holy Spirit that always guides me and protects me.

"For God is within her, she will not fall". Psalm 46:5.

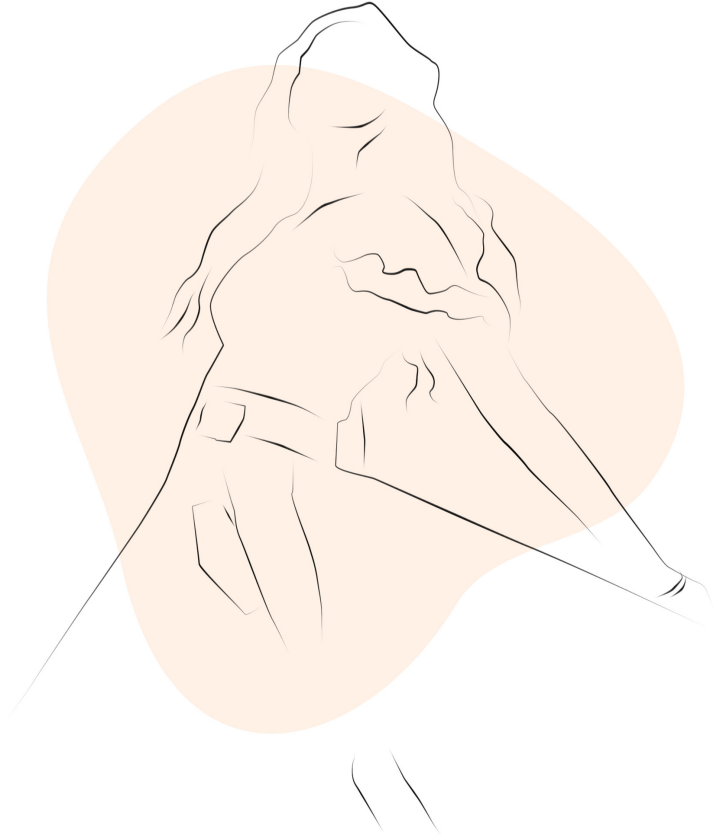
Life lessons

As I grow older (younger in spirit tho), I realize so many philosophical aspects in life, the past couple of months have been hard yet full of life changing lessons that I had to cry, grief and agonize as a paid price.

You will meet so many people and faces along your journey, some will be forgotten easily, some will be remembered with that nostalgic feeling that hits you in the middle of the night from time to time and some, oh boy, will leave you speechless, in awe of their beautiful and free souls, you will connect with them on a deeper level, on an other universe maybe, they will come and leave you a better person, they will plant flower seeds in your heart and gardens will bloom from your chest and spirit, but you must know, the hard way, that not everyone we feel something deep for will make a home within us

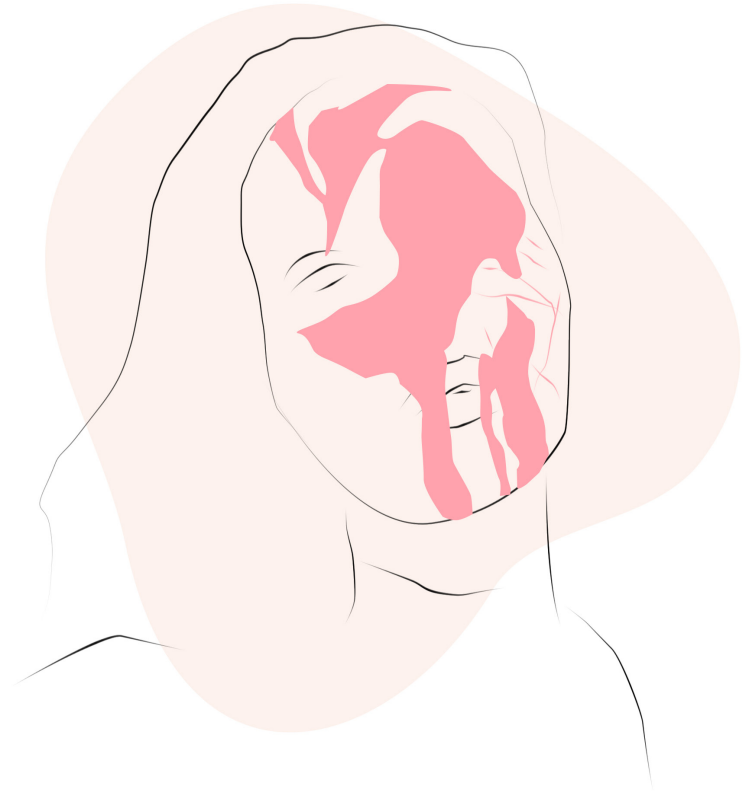
Some people come into our lives and suddenly leave only ever to teach us that we can never own anyone, we can never depend on another human to bring us happiness, for happiness always flows from within.

And not everyone we share a special or intimate moment with will be our safe place, for those people enter our lives to teach us that the beauty of a moment lies in knowing that it will end, and what remains of it is a divine, vivid memory of the feelings you were lucky to experience together.



Life lessons

And some people will come and yes, they will stay, they will fight and see in you something worth fighting for, worth loving and worth staying. They will be your home, your refuge and your safe place but only after you've learnt how to be all those things for yourself. They will fill your heart with so much meaning that your bones will drip with grace and gratitude for finally having met them, for finally having experienced them.



Grief

I've been grieving for a while now, it's actually something new to me, I am surprisingly handling it well however. So today I would like to share some thoughts and tips concerning this. (Note that I am not a professional and I'm just sharing my personal experience).

What is grief in the first place you may ask? Grief is a normal process of loss, it can be a loss of someone who died, a failed relationship, a dear friend leaving to live abroad and so on...

Through my journey with grief I've learned so much, here are three main lessons:

1- Grief changes us, to the point where you won't be able to recognize yourself in certain situations, and guess what, that it totally okay, because you've been through a life changing experience, one of the saddest things we go through as humans, losing someone that meant the world to you, and for you to expect that you'll come out the other side of it unchanged and untouched is just unrealistic. There will be wounds, maybe traumas that you will have to work through.

2-Grieving over someone doesn't mean you can't be happy, I'm actually at ease with myself and my surrounding, I enjoy every moment wholeheartedly. So if you feel guilty for being happy, fight that guilt with all that you have and are, you are supposed to feel good, your heart deserves it, seek those feelings of excitement, embrace them, enjoy them. However, please do not run from your wounds, sit with them, understand them, accept the grief and lay with it, so you can define it, before it defines you.

Grief

3-It gets worse with time before diminishing gradually, it gets harder, you miss them even more, you haven't seen them for a while, so prepare yourselves for a festival of the weirdest emotions.

I sometimes wake up at 4:00 am thinking of them, and that is so new and weird to me, like what the hell is going on? I miss them but I know deep down that I don't want to go back to that phase again. And sometimes just thinking of what they used to say, how they used to articulate a specific word make me feel something beyond nostalgia, an emotion so new and odd I honestly can't find any word to describe it. And again, that is okay, it's all part of the healing.

I know you might relate, whether in remembering a late mother or father and their "Get home safe dear", to recalling the "You are my angel" text before bed time of a failed lover or reminiscing the beautiful memories with a friend far away from you. And the hardest part is, you can't do anything about it except allow your emotions to flow and learn to adapt and go on.

I hope this blog brought you a sense of condolence and closure to your hurt. You are stronger than you think.



Do I truly belong?

I found myself lately craving Batroun's beaches, people, old houses, walks and Koko's brioches.

And I asked myself, why am I so attached to this beach city? I didn't spend my childhood there, none of my parents are related to it, Heck, I don't even live there.

Maybe it's because for the past 3 years, I spent all my days there, from joining's shore to KfarAbida's beautiful caves, colonel's standup paddles and our sunset rides to the closest boats in the sea and our long night Catan games?

But no, deep down I know that is not the reason, I lived so many vivid memories in other places too, with so many different activities, so why? Why Batroun?

Somewhere lodged in my brain, I was exactly aware of the answer, but I just didn't want to face my fragile reality, but who I am hiding from? I need to confront this craving;

I am longing to spend my days there because I experienced pure love, something I have never encountered anywhere else, and now that the person that allowed me to live through these feelings is gone, and all that remain are memories, I am holding onto anything that reminds me of this sensation, the sensation of belonging to a place, or maybe the belonging to a feeling of being seen and wanted.

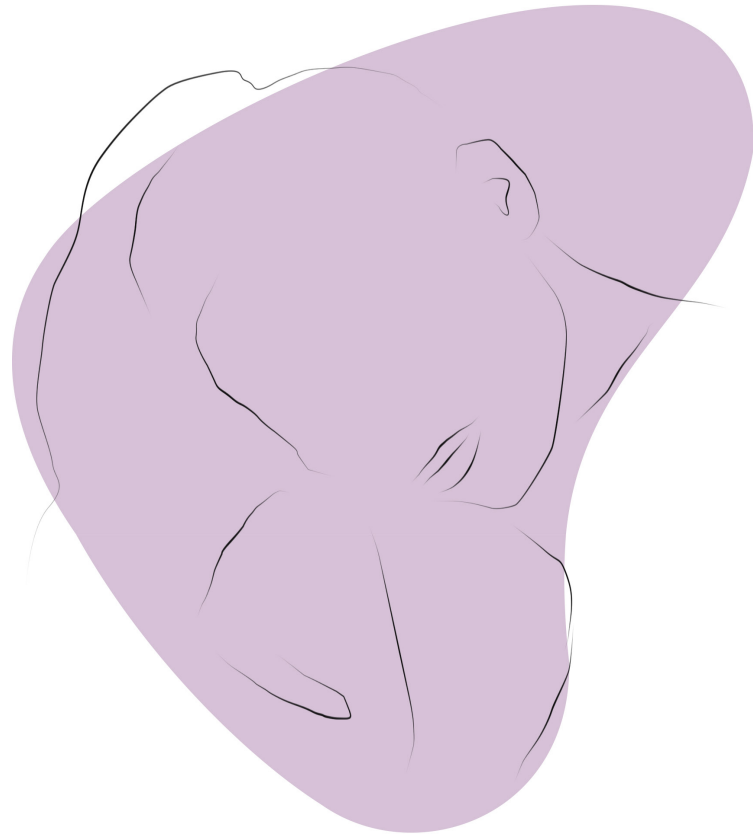
I am clinching to whatever stayed, to friends I got along with, to shores and tastes that will not change nor fade away.

Do I truly belong?

But not long ago, people have been visiting Batroun frequently, joining's beach is full of new faces and stories, the caves are famous now, and the standup paddles are becoming a trend. And through all these ever changing waves and traffic, I feel as if my sense of belonging to this city is fading, it's like I'm becoming a stranger, our "spots" are not ours anymore, and the nights we spent hanging on a hammock near the sea are being replaced with Almaza and Beirut beer cans.

I am just a number in this city now? Or just a memory in someone's heart? Does it actually matter?

No conclusion will be given, I am just allowing myself to feel whatever I need to feel, reminding myself that this is all temporary and will pass, because one day, I might outgrow this city and move on to the next.



"One of those bad days"

We are all humans, beautiful, imperfect human beings, feeling many emotions daily and sometimes all at once.

I want to start by saying how proud I am of myself, of my growth journey, of all the battles I fight, of the healing I have been pushing myself towards, I truly believe in the person I thrive everyday to meet and I am satisfied with the hustle I put my mind through to conquer whatever I desire.

However, I have bad days as well, I have flaws that are hard to love and heavy to carry. For the past three days or so, I've been focusing on those parts of me, the bad ones, mostly because some of my friends are pointing them out, and being the meticulous, anxious person I am, I just can't wrap my head around them.

It's easy to mention that "I should love my wounds and imperfections", but in reality my ego is stronger, refusing to embrace and hold these "not so lovable parts" in me and accepting them as they are.

I can be bossy sometimes, over protective, low on energy, selfish with my needs and desires, unsociable and a complete poker face, and all at once, I sense as if I am not worthy of love, throwing away all the rare and majestic parts in my soul that make someone want to hold onto me or anyone attracted to my positive aura.

And it's so weird that often when I think of all these weak points, I admire and grasp to them because they mold me as a unique individual, full of scars and blisters yet powerful and humble to evolve calmly and mindfully. And on other days, "the bad days", these blemishes manifesting in my personality deplete my self

"One of those bad days"

esteem and leave me carrying the mountains I should have climbed.

Clashing battles alone can be vulnerable a lot of times, and as much as we want to be independent, as much as we prosper to become our own safe place, it's delightful to have someone by our side, to embrace us and hold all these wounds we bear inside, to focus on the healing rather than the hurt, to see the light shining through our broken souls rather than the brokenness itself.

Working on the best version of me everyday, learning to accept my uniqueness and trying to go easy on my fragile self.



Therapy and sensuality

On my journey to self awareness, I found myself asking so many questions concerning why I am the way I am, and lately the most frequent question I was trying to resolve is what exactly triggered the sensuality in me? Why do I ache for intimacy and why do I feel everything so intensely and romantically?

Maybe because feelings weren't talked about in my household that I crave sensuality so much, my parents never had a healthy marriage, I have never seen them engage in a normal, quiet conversation, it always ends with mom not feeling seen or heard and dad having his ego broken. So I never knew how to express my needs because I thought that if I ever open up, I will end up like my mother, unseen and unheard.

I grew up afraid of my own feelings, afraid to be vulnerable and daunted to shine. I buried the most beautiful parts in my soul and didn't catch up much with people.

So what changed me? Therapy.

I started therapy three years ago, and that honestly allowed me to crush so many walls I have built, and one of these walls was giving myself permission to feel and to communicate my needs and desires, yes, as simple as this may sound, I didn't know how to do so.

I always craved intimacy, with myself, with others and the world at large, and when I was finally able to break free from my own prison, when I was finally healing from traumas my parents laid on me and permit myself to unleash my full potentials, to be vulnerable and to dig into the magic that had been hidden in me,

Therapy and sensuality

I just couldn't stop wanting more.

I was deprived of emotions as a kid, and now I just can't get enough, I want to explore, I want to connect with people, I want to feel human and find the delight in the joy, the pain, the grief, the accomplishments and the disappointments, I want to experience the beauty of feeling alive.

And in those three years, I have found so many ways to enlightened this yearning inside of me, whether going on a hike, or admiring the colors of the sunset, reading a book, connecting with friends, feeling the hands of a loved one on my cheeks, enjoying the hot shower and feeling the droplets of water on my skin, contemporary dancing, music ...

I love the sensual part in me, a reminder of how strong and resilient I am to have always chosen growth over playing the role of the victim, and as a reminder to always celebrate emotions for they make me a beautiful imperfect human being.



3 years ago today

A story from three years ago ...

It was around 4:00 pm, I just got back from university classes, had a shower, put on my new shirt that I had purchased a day earlier, wore my favorite earrings and sat waiting.

My phone rang, it was a video call, I adjusted my posture and answered nervously:

"Hello, did you lose your way to my house?" .

"I think I did, where do I go from here?" .

I instructed him the way to my house, and the journey began.

He was wearing a blue polo t-shirt, with sunglasses and a watch on his wrist, I was welcomed with a warm smile and we drove to Batroun.

On the way there he narrated the story of Einstein, you know the one where they wanted to open his brain to see what was so special about it... And all I could think of back then was wow, this dude talks a lot!

As he finished his Einstein story, he asked me about my age and what was I pursuing in life.

"This is my first year in Agricultural engineering ... yeah I'm 18 turning 19 in a month" .

He looked at me with a shocking expression:

"I thought you were way older! you look 22-ish" .

As we arrived to Batroun, we went on a small promenade in the old souks, visited Our Lady of the sea Church and I was thinking like wow, why doesn't anyone know this hidden gem?

We then took off to Kfar Abida near joining to a diminutive shore. He parked the car and opened the trunk, and let me tell you, this was the most organized, neat trunk I have ever laid eyes on, a table was placed and under it posed two chairs, a hammock

3 years ago today

and a tent.

We set the mood, installed the chairs, the table, the wine bottle (I don't drink wine but whatever the mood was nice) and of course the Castania crackers.

I honestly can't recall what we chatted about, but I do recollect watching a magical sunset.

The sun was down, and the stars were out, a hidden rock was near the shore so I decided to go check it out, we ended up sitting there for the rest of the night.

As we sat there, under millions of stars, I brought out the fact that these stars are a million of years away from us, that we are actually looking into the past and probably all of these stars are dead by now.

He leaned back a bit, told me to rest my head on his lap, I did so shyly.

A minute of silence filled the space, and out of nowhere I asked him:

"What's your dream in life?" .

Without one single hesitation he replied:

"I dream to build a home in the middle of the forest, on one side surrounded by trees, and on the other side a big pool from where I can jump off the balcony whenever I want ... what's your dream?"

"I want to buy a Volkswagen and roam Lebanon, and when I'm done, I'll go explore the whole world" .

After articulating these words, I remember so vividly the way he spotted the light in my eyes, the way he held my gaze, and his hands gently going through my hair. I had the universe above my head and he had just realized that he was carrying the universe in his arms.

3 years ago today

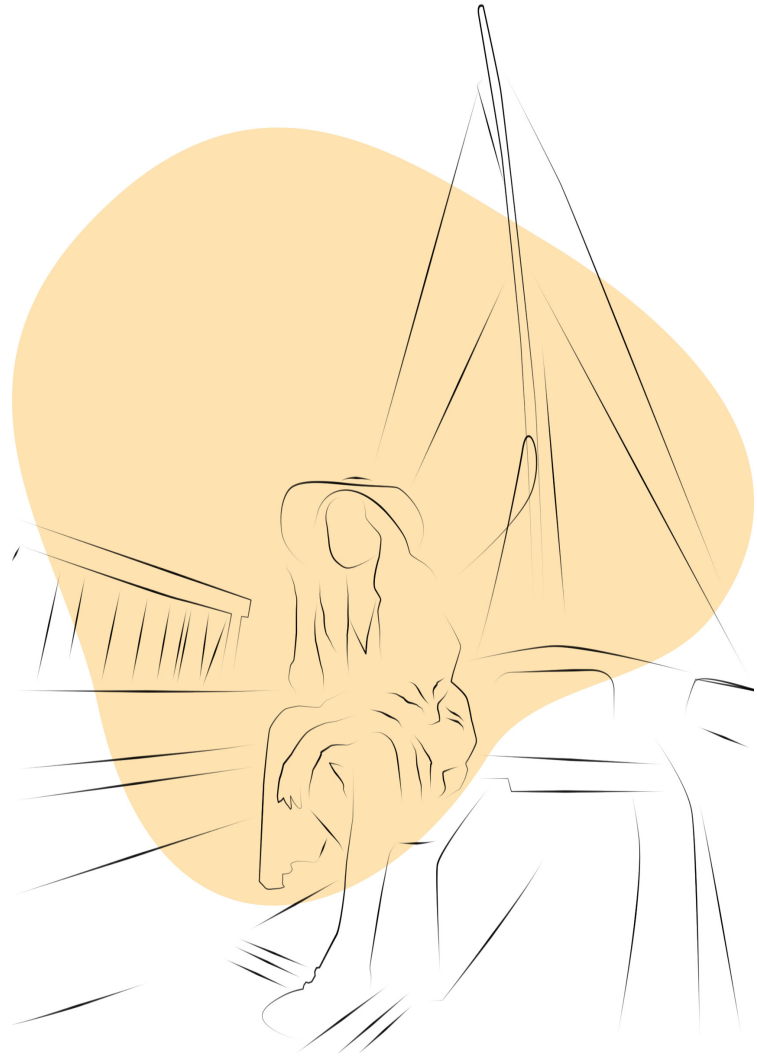
Today, three years have passed, and this person is no longer a part of my universe and I am definitely not his universe anymore, three years have passed and I am no longer this 18 years old who wants to buy a Volkswagen, I've changed and I've grown to be a completely different person.

Three years have taught me a load, put me in so much joy and in so much pain, had me wanting to stay in someone's arms for hours and grieving over his loss for months and had me discover so many parts in my soul I didn't know existed.

Three years have passed and what is lost will forever be lost and will never be replaced. Now he is just a memory and I am just an experience lodged somewhere deep in his heart, buried and never talked about.

I try to remind myself I'm lucky to have felt the love that brings this kind of heartbreak.

"You taught me the courage of stars before you left, how light carries on endlessly ..."



Who Am I?

Ever sat and wondered : who am I?

Does the thought of how people see you hit you sometimes?

I've been thinking lately of who I am and how can I define myself in words, how do I want people to see me? No let me rephrase that: How can I allow people to see who I truly am?

And I've come to a pretty decent conclusion:

I am someone full of life, full of affection and tenderness.

I'm into the simple things, it's the smallest unseen details that bring the brightest joy in me.

I'll probably stop my car at 100 km/h if I spot a flower on the road, I'll just enjoy it's existence, put one in my hair, and bring the rest home to my mama.

I cry a lot hahaha, I think it's just a natural way for me to cope and handle my feelings.

I taught myself not to judge people, I do love unconditionally the people in my life and accept them just the way they are without having any need to change them.

I have my battles, I'm learning everyday ways to cope with grief and change, how to accept my "not-so-bright" parts, embracing them and allowing them to flow.

Affection plays a big role in my life, I am not a hopeless roman-

Who Am I?

tic, but I love to feel everything on a deeper level, I love to connect with people and experience life through their eyes and emotions.

I long for reciprocation as well, my deepest and biggest desire in life is to feel seen, loved and understood, but then again I believe this is everybody's desire and basic need in life.

I yearn for deepness, I crave someone to see me for who I am, to touch me gently, not physically, not on a skin to skin level, I mean to touch my soul and my heart and genuinely appreciate my presence in their lives.

One thing I've realized lately, I am afraid of new feelings, of new people and new places, I love my comfort zone, I feel at ease when I know exactly where I'm going and what will happen, and that is something I'll be working in for the rest of my life, to be aware of this realization and push myself to face those new feelings, to meet those new people and enjoy those new places rather than fearing them. As my therapist always tells me: Those new experiences will teach you so much, you will grow and will get to experience so many beautiful moments because of them."

And I think that the biggest disappointment in my life was this:

Wanting to be a home, a refuge and a safe place to someone, but knowing later on that I was the biggest responsibility and the heaviest burden on them.

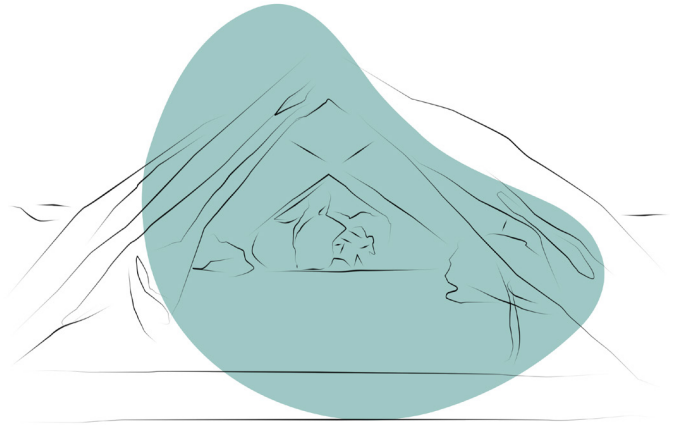
I strongly consider myself a happy person, I am so proud of the love I gave and still put out there, I'm proud of my broken brave

Who Am I?

heart for choosing to fight everyday.

I hope my love for life will never end, I hope my passion for feeling alive will remain forever in me, and hoping I could share and expand my energy with every soul I get the opportunity to meet.

"For I know the plans I have for you, plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future" - Jeremiah 29:11.



We are all broken somehow

I was watching the sunset the other day from a hill I usually visit, however this time, it was a bit different, same place, same music, same time of the day but different feelings ...

I was gazing into the cars, homes, balconies and a thought hit me; every single one of these people have their secrets and battles that we know nothing about, weirdly we do look alike, we are all lonely somehow or missing someone or in love with someone we probably shouldn't be in love with, we all have flaws and parts we hide from the world and sometimes from ourselves.

They too have dreams and hopes, they too look outside the car or bus window and wonder if there is anybody out there that can feel them, that can see them for they truly are. Do they fear not being accepted if they aligned with their authentic selves? Do they worry about the unknown future? Is the man smoking his cigarette in the traffic happy? Do they contemplate life and their purpose or do they just exist?

The thing is, we are all broken, we are all fighting monsters and that is normal and okay, it's actually through our brokenness that our inner light shines.

You see, everyone is unique and therefore possess a fortune that I nor anyone owns, 7.9 billion people meaning 7.9 billion universes that we know nothing about, and if you ever had the chance to experience one universe out of these, if you were able to connect with one soul and if they allowed you to feel them and carry them with all their secrets, softness, resilience and brokenness, you are one lucky person.

We are all broken somehow

All these thoughts and emotions burst out of me as the sun was setting, and when it disappeared behind the horizon, I thanked God for another day, felt so proud of my battles and imperfections, listened one more time to "Gregory Alan Isakov - Idaho" got in the car and drove back home.



Are you man enough?

I've been living with my brother for quite some time now, and this has shed light upon a concept society ignores: Masculinity

No big introduction today, I'm going to directly cut to the chase. So here we go,

I'm noticing that men in general can feel emasculated by what a woman can request them to do, if I ask my brother to do the dishes or tidy his bed, he gets offended, as if I'm withdrawing his power or depriving him from his "Masculinity", it's like I'm asking him to do something that is outside his nature: To take care of his own shit.

It's already evident that we live in a patriarchal system of domination, where men believe that they hold power and should always play the role of the "providers".

Men have been conditioned at some point through history, school systems, homes and society that there is a part of them that should be taken care of by a woman. This is a very controlling point that has been enforced in the subconscious mind of most men.

What is this internal, invisible force that is causing men to feel offended if asked to do the dishes or clean the house? This is a product of socialization (and not biology) that engraved in the brain of men that it is not their work to take care of the house (being fully aware that men are also actively living in this house and cleaning dishes means taking care of themselves too).

On another note, men have also been conditioned not to feel nor express, men are not taught to be emotional creatures, and that is

Are you man enough?

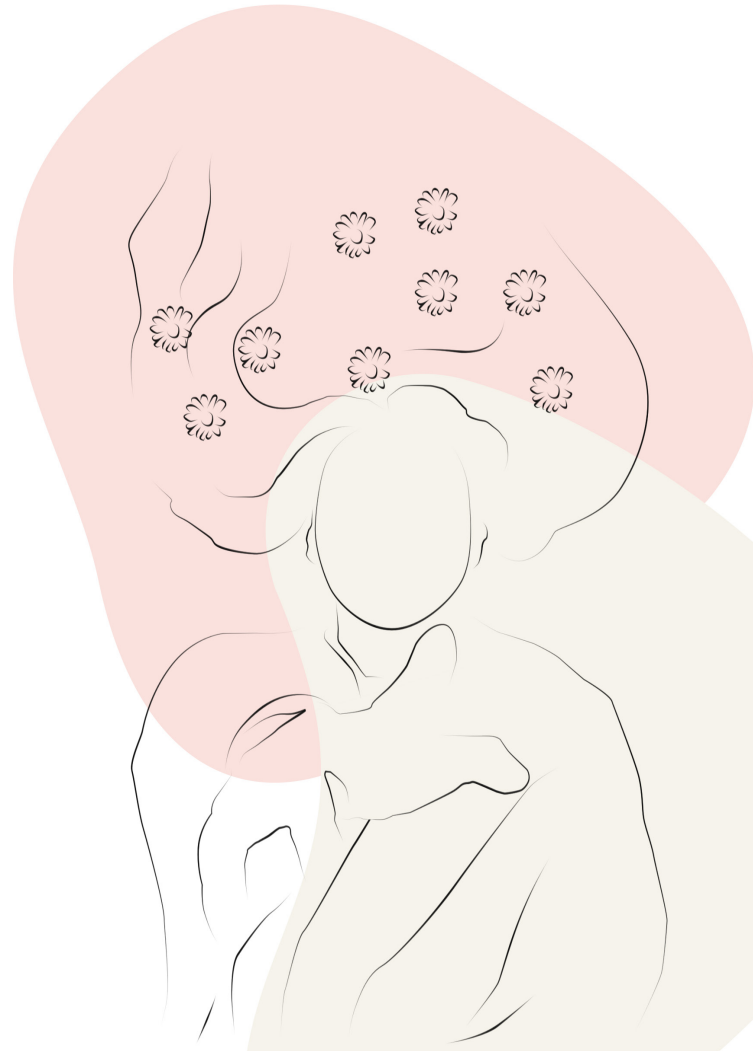
why they grow up with low coping mechanisms, they shut down anytime they feel anything other than happiness or pride that feeds their ego.

But here's the thing every woman wants a man to know:

Vulnerability is not a sign of weakness, showing affection is not a sign of weakness, opening up is not a sign of weakness but a sign of humanity, so please make room for the messiness of being human, allow us in, and most importantly allow yourself into those neglected parts of your wounded inner child, make space for your true authentic self and learn to accept and hold your broken parts so gently and with love.

And don't get me wrong, a woman should not play the role of your mother, we do not seek to play that role, we are not responsible for your wounds nor for your healing, but we are a unit, and through our relationships we connect and we experience intimacy and love and compassion to one another.

So tell me, are you man enough to be vulnerable? Are you man enough to allow your emotions to flow? Are you man enough to hold your wounded inner child and work on becoming more empathetic and compassionate? Are you man enough to unlearn what the patriarchal system defines masculinity and relearn what masculinity really is?



Plugged in connections

I am a firm believer in human beings, I believe that our experiences shape us and the people we meet and connect with play an immense role in our lives, from the way we think, the way we react, the plans we unfold in front of us and the stories we tell the world.

I am also a big believer in relationships, and I think that is why I am so invested in the connections I create whether in small talks, friends, my relationship with my brother and family and the one I have with myself. I have faith that the quality of our relationships strongly determine the quality of our lives.

I stumbled upon a post by Esther Perel that quoted: "Why is it so easy to plug in but so hard to stay connected?" and that got me thinking, why? why do we build friendships, relationships ... so effortlessly but find it laborious with time to maintain a deep and healthy bond?

Everyone's been there, having someone physically present but mentally and emotionally far away, unable to bear a deep communication, you can see them, you can touch them, but somewhere engraved in your heart, you know you lost them. And I've been lately encountering many typical scenarios, the couple sitting on their phones in a coffee shop, each in their own small universe incapable of forming an intimate moment with the person sitting next to them, to couples having dinner and fighting to be seen and heard and accepted with all their messiness. And I've been there too, I recall many times being seated in front of my ex boyfriend craving to be seen and validated for my presence while all they did was scroll through their phones or watch TV.

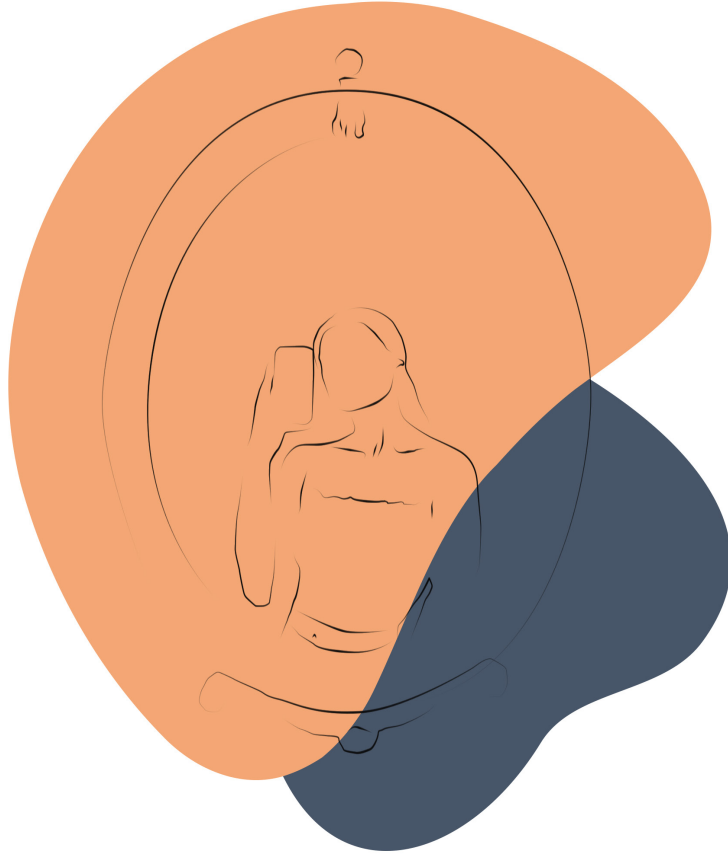
Plugged in connections

Unable to mourn the mountains of losses we lived and left with unresolved grief at this point, it is better to connect with our phones than with each others, right? And then, comes the monster which I call loneliness.

We see our solitude in the burnt pancakes that we hesitantly made while our partner played video games or took some "me time" scrolling through Instagram, it's almost easier to connect with people all around the world and to disconnect from people that are right in front of us. We see desolation in the bathroom mirror when we wonder if our partner still sees us as attractive because their hasn't been any physical touch or intimacy in a long while. In those parties, we see our spouse forming connections with new people, that we desperately feel jealous because they haven't looked at us nor talked to us the way they're socializing with a bunch of strangers.

The depth of solitude becomes unbearable, why is it easy for our partner to access their imagination and sense of playfulness with others, but not with us?

I assume that we take people for granted, we take advantage of their kindness and presence and we forget to express gratitude for sticking around the parts that are not so lovable in us. It's uncomplicated to plug in and vibe with someone, what really needs labor, is protecting the connections we build and acknowledge that relationships are **HARD WORK**.



Self reflection

We've grown into the idea of airbrushed, polished and perfect image of women.

But she is real, she hates high heels she'd rather go barefoot. She likes clothes but she's not fashion forward, she wears a pair of jeans with a flower in her hair, she wears colorful dresses too, a way to reflect the vibrancy and the life exploding from her soul. She believes in love and romance, but isn't ready for one right now, she wants to be independent, by herself, on her own terms, undimmed by anyone's expectations of what she should be or might be or must be. She craves to shine in her little space and vast universe.

She cries every time she hears a song that kicks in nostalgia in her soul.

She is simple and authentic, and people tend to be attracted to that, they want to experience her, her presence, her calmness and her heart.

She doesn't have much to offer, and sometimes she's afraid of receiving because no matter how much she believes in herself, it feels as if she is not worthy of receiving a load.

She has hopes and fears and worries, just like anyone else. Sometimes she feels frightened that her dreams will remain in her head and never accomplished, she's afraid that her potentials will stay behind unnoticed and unable to unleash her full wilderness in her career as an engineer and as a model. At this moment, she feels stuck, heavy hearted, surviving day by day, incapable like many other people of breaking through.

Self reflection

She sleeps on the floor between her bed and her brother's thinking of ways to change the world and if she doesn't find one, she'll just create a world of her own.

She is here to unlearn and relearn what happiness is, she is here to love, to break, to be broken, to build, to heal and to encounter the diversity of being human.

She is still learning to love herself, and that, itself, is magical.